

THE  
CHILDREN'S FRIEND;

CONSISTING OF  
APT TALES, SHORT DIALOGUES  
AND MORAL DRAMAS;

ALL INTENDED

To engage ATTENTION, cherish FEELING,  
and inculcate VIRTUE, in

THE RISING GENERATION.

TRANSLATED BY  
The Rev. MARK ANTHONY MEILAN,  
From the FRENCH of M. BERQUIN.

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VOL. VII.

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L O N D O N:

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The ADOPTED CHILD.

The PARRICIDE.

The FAMILY preserved from RUIN.

MUTUAL FRIENDSHIP.

GOD's BIRD.

PRIDE and VANITY CONFOUNDED.



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T H E  
*ADOPTED CHILD.*

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L.

*Hartford.*

MY DEAREST BOY,

BE not too much afflicted at the news I send you, in this letter. I would joyfully conceal it from you, if I could, but that is utterly impossible : your father has been taken dangerously ill ; and we shall lose him very soon, if Providence does not perform a miracle in his behalf. O, Heaven !

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#### 4 *The ADOPTED CHILD.*

O, Heaven! my heart is rent with grief on the occasion. For these six days past, I have not closed my eyes, and am so weak at present, can hardly hold my pen. You must immediately come home. The coachman, who delivers you this letter, is to bring you in the stage. I send a good warm cloak, that you may not catch cold. Your father earnestly desires to see you. "Morris," has he said, a hundred times, if they had but been counted, "my dear Morris might I only see you, once again before I die!" How I wish you were already here! Lose therefore not a moment's time in packing up your things. The coachman promises, on his part, all the haste he

*The ADOPTED CHILD.* 5

can; but every moment will appear  
an hour of anguish, till I clasp you to  
my heart. Adieu; I wait impatient  
for the morrow; and am always your  
good mother,

RACHEL SOMMERS.

Hartford,

DEAREST COUSIN,

TIS to you alone I can apply; and  
from your kindness, I persuade my-  
self, I shall have consolation in such  
grief as is too heavy for a woman to  
support. God has thought proper to

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## 6 · *The ADOPTED CHILD.*

deprive me of my worthy husband, who was all in this world to me, as you are well convinced. 'Tis now a fortnight since he bade me send to Tooting, and have Morris home from school. When he approached his bed, he held him out his hand, and hardly had pronounced a blessing on him, but he breathed his last. With him are gone the days of my repose and happiness; and I am plunged into a situation far too grievous for a woman and a mother. Happy, notwithstanding, should I be, if I alone were sufferer in this situation; but my poor unhappy boy partakes in the calamity. As yet, he knows not how unfortunate the fatherless must generally be. He wounds my heart,

## *The ADOPTED CHILD.* 7

when with his little hands he presses mine, and looking up into my face with tears, pronounces his departed father's name. It is a mother only that can form a notion of my sufferings, and I think, I read upon his countenance these lamentable words : Now, mother, you will have the burthen on you of supporting me. Where-ever I retire, he follows me, and with my gown or apron, wipes his eyes that frequently are full of tears. When I endeavour to console him, my own sorrow hinders me ; for he himself is the occasion of it. How, dear cousin, shall I bring him up ? my husband has not left me any thing, and I am far too weak

*read v. m. about 5H and A[4]*

### 8. *The ADOPTED CHILD.*

for labour. Whom then shall I fly to relief but you? It is on you alone I place my hopes. God doubtless, will dispose your heart to succour a distressed and miserable widow, and give proof that you revere the ties of nature that subsist between us. I commit my son to you. Whatever you may do in his behalf will really be done for me, and him that so much loved you. All the strength and courage left me shall henceforward be exerted to procure myself a livelihood; but with respect to bringing up my child, I cannot do it. I resign him therefore wholly to your friendship. 'Twill be hard indeed, when he is separated from me; but with patience [I must

*The ADOPTED CHILD.* 9

yield, at that unhappy moment to necessity. And yet one thought consoles me: namely, that I trust him to a good and gracious God, as well as to a kind relation. Be a father to him, and by your means, let him be in future situated so as to be capable of mitigating my affliction, when I see him happy. I can say no more: my tears that wet this paper are a witness what my heart endures. You have at your disposal both my happiness, and that too of my son. God's goodness will reward your generosity for ever, and in this world, even recompense you for whatever aid you may afford two destitute and helpless individuals join'd to you by blood.

*To The ADOPTED CHILD.*

I am, with all the sorrow an unhappy mother ever felt, &c.

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III.

*London.*

DEAREST COUSIN,

I HAVE yours before me of the 7<sup>th</sup>, in which you tell me of your husband's unexpected death, and it afflicts me greatly. You may be assured, I bear a part in your distresses, and am still more sensible upon the subject of your sorrow than my own. However, 'tis impossible I should refrain from wondering that you look for succour and assistance in your situation from me

## *The ADOPTED CHILD.*

only. Is it absolutely necessary, Morris should pursue his studies still, and add another learned blockhead to that multitude the world already is too full of? surely, there are many other callings that would make him no less beneficial to society, and useful to himself. Consider how will he be able to get on without support or property? You are too well acquainted with the world, that I need show you the impossibility of doing so.—And more than this, you could not bear, yourself, he should be burdensome to strangers. You are joined to me, you say, by blood; but my own family, which is extremely numerous, puts me more in mind of nature's ties. And I beseech you to

## *12 The ADOPTED CHILD.*

believe, I find it difficult to bring my own up in the way I wish. To take another burthen on me is impossible, and I am sure, upon reflection you will pardon my refusal. All I can do is to place your son here with a friend of mine, a mercer, I do business with. You may assure yourself he will be very kindly treated, if he settles with him. Think deliberately on my offer, and inform me what your resolution is. If Morris should persist in wishing to pursue his studies, I shall absolutely be incapable of giving him the least assistance. Let me beg you to accept the sum sent herewith upon a gentleman of Hartford, for the payment of a trifle, as some proof how much I interest myself in you

unhappy situation, and believe me always yours, &c.

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IV.

*Hartford.*

HONoured SIR,

I SHOULD have many things to tell you, if my sorrows would permit me. I begin this letter weeping, and mama, who sits beside my chair weeps too. I don't know what will come into my head to write; however, 'tis a kind of comfort I have you to correspond with.—You must know, already, I suppose, dear master, that my father's dead:—what therefore, you foretold, you see, is no ways come

14 *The ADOPTED CHILD.*

to pass. You bade me, you remember, be of comfort, since, perhaps, when I came home, he would be out of danger; notwithstanding which, Sir, he is dead. Mama is nothing now but an unhappy widow, and myself almost an orphan. I had something like a guess of this upon the road: I fell asleep while in the coach, and dream'd my father was in heaven, and I too with him, when he took me by the hand, and led me up to God, that he might tell him who I was. Methought God smil'd, and bade me be of comfort, for that he would be my father now.—On this I woke and heard a bell toll nigh me, which was only fancy, since we were not yet near Hartford, but had

*The ADOPTED CHILD.* 15

more than half a dozen miles to go. At last, when I arrived, mama was waiting for me at the door, and cried and sobb'd so much, it would have broke your heart to see her. She embraced, and led me after to papa's apartment, who was laid in bed, and hardly capable of speaking. When I fell upon his neck, Heaven knows how bitterly I wept, which made him open once again his eyes, and say a word or two I could not comprehend. He put his hand upon my head, and blessed me; then he raised himself a little, turn'd his eyes towards heaven, gave a deep-fetch'd sigh, and died. Ah, Sir! you cannot think how much my mother and myself have wept; and all the people of the

16 *The ADOPTED CHILD.*

neighbourhood wept likewise at his burial ; but mama and I, much more than any. I begin again to eat and drink a little ; but mama refuses every thing : so consequently, she is grown as pale as death, and I must every moment beg her not to die, because I should not know what would become of me without her in the world. Alas, dear master, I must tell you now, I am no longer to continue at my learning, which is dismal news for both mama and me ; but things must be so, and my resolution to submit is taken. My mama has wrote to a relation, who is very rich, and keeps a banker's shop in London, to request he would support me some

a few

Vo

*The ADOPTED CHILD.* 17

few years at school; but he refuses, making answer, I should prove no better than a learned blockhead. I, for my part, think, I should not be a blockhead, if my mother had no more than half his money: but no, no, I must be an apprentice to a mercer, one of his acquaintances in London. 'Tis impossible to tell you how much grief this gives me: my mama does every thing she can to comfort me, and says that tradesmen are extremely clever people, and that such as have learn'd any thing at school, are sure to prosper much the better for it in their busines.—But what signifies all this, when one has not a liking to it? You remember how I

18 *The ADOPTED CHILD.*

loved my book : I should have been rejoic'd to prove as great a doctor as my father was : I had some book or other always in my hand, and now I shall have nothing but a yard. However, I am silent, since the thing must be.—Dear master, are you well ?—I shall be always thinking of you ; and persuade myself, you'll not forget me either.—I return you thanks for all the trouble you have had on my account.—They tell me, Mr. Hetherington, (that's the mercer's name I am to live with) means to take me with him when he goes his journies, to get orders, as they say. At any time, if he should come near Tooting, I'll be sure to see you, and whenever I am master for myself, you shall

*The ADOPTED CHILD.* 19

be welcome to have any thing my shop contains, without a penny cost to you—Dear master, you shall see, I'll keep my word—Adieu—I am, and will be always, what so often you have call'd me, your dear little friend,  
&c.

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V.

*Hartford.*

Mrs. SOMMERS and MORRIS.

MORRIS.

LOOK ye, dear mama, the coach is  
at the door.

Mrs. SOMMERS, (*weeping,*)

My dear, dear son,—you are to  
leave me then?

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20 *The ADOPTED CHILD.*

MORRIS.

Don't weep so much, let me beseech you; otherwise I shall be sorry all the way—Where have I put my gloves?—Ah! I have got them on, but did not know it.

Mrs. SOMMERS.

How I grieve to lose you! let me go, at least, as far as to the turnpike with you.

MORRIS.

But you know, mama, how weak and ill you are already.

Mrs. SOMMERS.

'Tis but half a mile; and I can easily walk back.

MORRIS.

I should be glad to have your company; but then you know, the doc-

*The ADOPTED CHILD.* 21

tor bade you take the greatest care you could do of yourself. And if you were to come back worse, and be obliged to go to bed, and die ~~as~~ my papa did, Morris would have caused it all—No, no; either consent to leave me at the door, or I'll not stir.

Mrs. SOMMERS.

Well then, 'tis I that will not stir.

MORRIS.

Yes, yes; stay here; and when the coach is out of sight, pray go to bed, and get a little sleep.

Mrs. SOMMERS.

Yes, if I can—

MORRIS.

Adieu, adieu, mama.

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Mrs. SOMMERS:

Take care, my little fellow, of your health, and God be with you. Show yourself at all times a good boy; be diligent, and let me ever hear of you with joy.

MORRIS.

I will ; I will.

Mrs. SOMMERS.

And regularly write, at farthest, every fortnight to me.

MORRIS.

Every week ; and you, mama, will come to me too ?

Mrs. SOMMERS.

Can you ask it ?—I shall have no other pleasure upon earth ;—but shall we ever meet again ?

*The ADOPTED CHILD.* 23

MORRIS.

Oh, certainly ; for I'll attend so diligently to my duty, that I'll get permission, if I can, to come and see you in six months.

Mrs. SOMMERS.

Yes, yes, my child ; and you shall stay with me a fortnight—Oh that those six months were gone already !

MORRIS.

Look, mama, the coachman seems impatient—

Mrs. SOMMERS.

One more kiss.—Farewell. (*They wave their hands till they lose sight of one another.*)

24 *The ADOPTED CHILD.*

VI.

BOND-STREET, WESTMINSTER.

Mr. HETHERINGTON and MORRIS.

Mr. HETHERINGTON.

WHAT have you there, my pretty little gentleman?

MORRIS.

A letter that concerns us both :  
My name is Morris Sommers ; and  
I think you know the reason of my  
coming.

Mr. HETHERINGTON.

What ! are you the little Sommers ? I am very glad to see you.—  
Have you any taste for trade ?

MORRIS, (*sighing,*)

A little, sir,

Mr. MORRIS.

You have been many years at school, if I remember ? can you write with ease ?

Mr. HETHERINGTON.

Oh that, sir, I could do when I was only eight years old ; and now I'm going on eleven.

Mr. MORRIS.

Indeed ! you have not lost your time, my little fellow then. But can you reckon ?—Six times eight :—what's that ?

Mr. HETHERINGTON.

Forty-eight, sir ; and six times forty-eight, are 288 ; and six times that make—say a little—make 1728;

26 *The ADOPTED CHILD.*

to which, add 58 ; and that's 1786.  
which is just the present year.

MR. HETHERINGTON.

Why, you already figure like a  
banker ! and I'm charm'd in having  
such a clever little boy, as you are,  
in my counting-house.

MORRIS.

Oh ! this is nothing, sir ; for you  
shall see what pains I'll take, that I  
may soon be your first clerk.—I hope  
you'll treat me kindly.

MR. HETHERINGTON.

That's as you behave.

MORRIS.

I ask no better : but you'll let me  
eat, sir, at your table ? my mama's  
in hopes I shall not be among the ser-  
vants.

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Mr. HETHERINGTON.

As to that, I cannot answer anything at present—'Tis the custom with apprentices to be at meal-times in the kitchen.

MORRIS.

I intreat it as a favour, you will let me sit with you, sir, in the parlour. I'll do every thing I can to please you. Or, at least, I beg to eat alone; a bit of bread in my apartment, will suffice me.

Mr. HETHERINGTON.

Well, I'll speak about it to my wife; and then we'll see what we can do to please you.]

MORRIS.

Oh, when you present me to your

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lady, I will kiss her hand, and beg so earnestly—

Mr. HETHERINGTON.

You will?—Ah, ha—What then!—you know, already, how to coax and wheedle?

MORRIS.

Have you any children, sir?

Mr. HETHERINGTON.

Yes, two; a boy and girl.

MORRIS.

So much the better. Are they less or bigger, sir, than I?

Mr. HETHERINGTON.

About your size.

MORRIS.

You'll let them play with me, I hope, when I have done my work?—I know a hundred pretty tricks—

*The ADOPTED CHILD.* 29

And then, as I can cypher tolerably well, I'll teach them what I know.

MR. HETHERINGTON.

Well said!—Why you'll be tutor, I can see, to every body in the house.—And we shall be good friends, if you behave as I suppose you will.

MORRIS.

You shall have nothing to reproach me with. I love my dear mama too well, that I should give her any trouble.

MR. HETHERINGTON.

Well, come in; I'll introduce you to your mistress, and she'll see what you have got to say.

MORRIS.

I only mean to speak of my mama, that she may love me dearly; since

30 *The ADOPTED CHILD.*

She also is a mother, and no doubt has children that love her.

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VII

*Great George-street, Westminster.*

Lady FORTESCUE, a young and rich widow, and MORRIS.

MORRIS, (with a roll of satin in his hand,) J

Your Ladyship's obedient humble servant.—Mr. Hetherington sends you his respects, and I have brought twelve yards of satin of the pattern left with him—Your Ladyship, I fancy, knows the price?—

*The ADOPTED CHILD.* 31

Lady FORTESCUE.

He asked me fourteen shillings,  
which I thought a little dear.

MORRIS.

Has, your Ladyship, pray, got a  
yard to measure it again before you?

Lady FORTESCUE.

Mr. Hetherington is an honest man;  
and there's no need to doubt his mea-  
sure.—How much does the satin come  
to?

MORRIS.

Just eight guineas, madam.

Lady FORTESCUE.

That's a deal of money, little friend;  
but 'tis my birth-day; and I'm not  
dispos'd at present to stand bargaining  
with your master.—Did he bid you  
take the money?

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MORRIS.

If your Ladyship thought fit to let me have it.

Lady FORTESCUE,

Here's the sum exactly.—Don't lose any of it.

MORRIS.

Never fear, my Lady; but you will not have me 'bate you any thing then?

Lady FORTESCUE.

Why that question?

MORRIS.

I don't know—but yet be pleas'd to underbid me.

Lady FORTESCUE.

And why so?

MORRIS.

*The ADOPTED CHILD.* 33

MORRIS.

Because in that case, I shall 'bate a shilling in the yard.—My master bade me do so—'Tis not just you should give fourteen shillings, since he said himself he can afford to let you have it cheaper.

LADY FORTESCUE.

Here's a conscientious way of dealing, my good child ; that pleases me ; and therefore I *do* underbid you.

MORRIS.

There my Lady's the deduction : just twelve shillings.

LADY FORTESCUE.

'Tis for you, my little friend. I give it to divert you on my birth day.

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MORRIS.

Pardon me, I cannot take it.

Lady FORTESCUE.

Cannot!—'tis my present.

MORRIS.

But if Mr. Hetherington should  
not like it, Madam?

Lady FORTESCUE.

Mr. Hetherington has no business  
to dislike it: 'tis my pleasure you  
should do so.

MORRIS.

Then I am very glad, and thank  
your Ladyship a thousand times.  
This money shall not long continue  
in my pocket; for I'll send it by the  
stage, directed to my dear mama;  
and when I write, I'll tell her of your  
kindness—I will now make haste be-

fore the stage sets out ; for as I take it, 'tis about the hour.

Lady FORTESCUE.

No, no ; I shall not yet dismiss you : we have many things to talk about, with one another. In the first place, therefore, tell me who is your mama, and where she lives ?

MORRIS.

Alas ! Mama's the widow of a doctor, living down at Hartford. Two months since, he died, and did not leave her any thing, because he went so much among the poor, that he had much less time to wait upon the rich. And then, too, he was ill himself three years, which ruin'd him. At first, however, he had

36 *The ADOPTED CHILD.*

sav'd enough to place me in a school not far from hence, at Tooting. I was sent for home, because my father could not die contented without seeing me. When he was dead, my mother found herself so poor, she could not keep me to my study ; and her cousin, tho' he's very rich, instead of doing something for her, recommended me to Mr. Hetherington, whose apprentice I am now ; whereas, I thought I should have gone again to school, and been in time a doctor. Oh ! what joy it would have given me to continue studying, and at last have been Mama's physician.—I was always foremost of my class at school, and gave my master every satisfaction.—Should your Ladyship soon want

The ADOPTED CHILD. 37

more silk, I'll bring a letter I received not many days ago from Tooting: When you read it, you will see how much he lov'd me; and he'll love me all his life too - I am sure he will.

## Lady FORTESCUE.

My child, it is an easy matter to believe you; since already, I myself begin to love you, though I never saw you till this hour.—But tell me, should you wish to quit the mercer's business, and return to school?

Yes, yes, indeed, if God thought proper.—But my mother cannot anyhow afford it.—She has nothing;—and to give me learning, she should have a deal—oh yes, a deal! **C 3**

38 *The ADOPTED CHILD.*

Lady FORTESCUE.

That's true; but then there are so many in the world that have too much.—What would you say, were I to send you to a very learned gentleman, who will examine whether you were diligent at school, and might make farther progress, should you go to school again?

MORRIS.

Oh, madam!—with what pleasure should I not go through the examination! send me, I beseech you, to that gentleman, and you shall see what he will say in my behalf.

Lady FORTESCUE.

Then stay a moment—Do you know Dean's-yard?

*The ADOPTED CHILD.* 39  
MORRIS.

Yes, please your Ladyship, and what they call the King's school there: I've often passed the door, and could not keep from sighing.

LADY FORTESCUE.

Well—sit down, and wait awhile.  
(She writes a letter, and then putting it into his hand, goes on) Hold—Run as far as to Dean's-yard, and ask for Dr. South's—the doctor's master of the college, and his house is next it.— You must speak with him yourself.— Present my compliments, and beg an answer.

MORRIS.

But, my lady, I've a great desire to send this money to my mother by

40 *The ADOPTED CHILD.*

the coach that goes about this hour.

Lady FORTESCUE.

You may delay that matter till to-morrow ; and particularly so, as you may have more joyful tidings still to give her.

MORRIS.

Good.—I'll carry then the letter, bring your Ladyship an answer and run home, where doubtless I am staid for—

Lady FORTESCUE.

Well, well, do so : but be careful not to lose your way—

MORRIS.

Oh, never fear : I'm not so great a novice as all that. Adieu, my generous lady. In a quarter of an hour or

*The ADOPTED CHILD.* 41  
less, the Doctor will have read your  
letter, I shall fly as if I were a bird.

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## VIII.

*Dean's-yard, Westminster.*

Doctor SOUTH and MORRIS.

MORRIS.

MR. Doctor, here's a letter from my  
Lady—I forget her name;—but I'll  
run back and ask it.

Doctor SOUTH.

That's unnecessary, my good boy.  
since I suppose the letter will inform  
me of it. (*He opens it, and sees the*  
*signature FORTESCUE.*) I know  
the writing. (*He reads.*)

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" REVEREND SIR,

The child I send you has unfortunately lost his father; and his mother is compell'd for want of means for his subsistence, to remove him much against her will, from school, and place him out as an apprentice. He appears to have a great desire for learning. Honour me so far as to examine him, and if he gives you any hope, I'll take upon myself the charge of educating him.—My birth-day, which I keep to-day, imposes some good work upon me; and God's providence, I think, has sent me this poor child for such a purpose; therefore, let me beg you, reverend Sir, to tell me what your thoughts are of his understanding, and believe, I am, &c."

*The ADOPTED CHILD.* 43

Doctor SOUTH.

Take a chair, my little friend : I'll speak in half a minute to you ; for at present, I have a letter I must finish, as you see.

MORRIS.

Ah, good Sir, what handsome books you have before you : 'tis a long time now since I have read at all. Do you permit me, Sir, to look at one or two, while you are writing ?

Doctor SOUTH, (*writing,*)

Willingly, my man.

MORRIS; (*taking down a book,*)

Oh, this I see is Homer :—but 'tis all in Greek.—I never read it but in English.

Doctor SOUTH, (*still writing,*)

How ! and have you read then Ho-

44 *The ADOPTED CHILD.*

mer?—What are your ideas of it?

MORRIS.

That 'tis full of noble speeches,  
but particularly beautiful comparisons.

—I only wish Achilles had not been  
so boisterous and stubborn.

Doctor SOUTH, (*still writing,*)

And in what do you suppose him  
boisterous and stubborn, as you say?

MORRIS.

In giving up the Greeks to such a  
number of misfortunes—Was it any  
~~fault~~ of theirs that Agamemnon quar-  
relled with him? They had never in-  
jured him. And should not he have  
yielded, when the deputies arrived  
with offers of submission? No—he  
shows himself as hard as any rock.  
—They should not have so long en-

*The ADOPTED CHILD.* 45

treated me. I would have followed them when they had uttered the first word.

Doctor SOUTH, (*still writing,*)  
So then, you would have pardon'd  
Agamemnon?

MORRIS.

Should not all of us forgive each other? but particularly so, our countrymen?—Oh, ho! 'you have a Sophocles, I see too. It was he, I fancy, wrote the tragedy called Philocetes.—I have had it read to me at school three times, and every time explained.—'Tis certainly a very moving piece.—But can you think, what part afforded me the greatest pleasure?

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Doctor SOUTH, (*still writing,*)  
I should like to know.

MORRIS.

That Grecian youth—that, what  
do you call him?

Doctor SOUTH, (*still writing,*)  
Neopotolemus, I fancy—

MORRIS.

Yes—'tis when returning, he re-  
stores the bow and arrows into Phi-  
loctetes' hands—I think I should have  
done the same. But I request your  
pardon, Sir; I trouble you, perhaps  
with prating?

Doctor SOUTH.

Not at all—I hear you with a deal  
of pleasure: and besides, my letter's  
finished.

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MORRIS.

Truly, I am glad of that :—but pray, Sir, tell me what fine book of cuts is that I see before you open ?

Doctor SOUTH.

A collection of the best engravings in the gallery at Florence, as they call it.

MORRIS.

Ah ! there's Jupiter.—I recollect

Doctor SOUTH.

And what think you of the picture ?

MORRIS.

I admire the picture ; but I don't like Mr. Jupiter.

Doctor SOUTH.

Why not ?

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MORRIS.

Because he's nothing but a very wicked fellow, sir.—I don't know how the Greeks and Romans made themselves such fools as to adore a very libertine, and one who constantly was scolding Madam Juno!—Was that acting like a god?

DOCTOR SOUTH.

No, you are in the right, and Jupiter was a contemptible divinity.—However, we have had transmitted to us only popular ideas of him; and the common people always were and always will be blind and superstitious in a greater or a less degree.

MORRIS.

O, Sir, our clowns, I take it, are lived  
far

*The ADOPTED CHILD.*

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far wiser : if a minister should get up now-a-days into the pulpit, and inform us God was married to a wife that he was always scolding at—would his parishioners believe him ?

Doctor SOUTH.

No, I think : but why then are the rudest of the present generation wiser than the wisest of antiquity ?

MORRIS.

I don't know why.

Doctor SOUTH.

Because the gospel has enlighten'd them ; that represents a God of truth and goodness—

MORRIS.

Yes, I understand you ; so that had I lived in Greece with such a book, the

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people never would have worshipped  
any other God but mine?

Doctor SOUTH.

Let me embrace you, my dear  
child; but what's your name?

MORRIS.

Morris Sommers.

Doctor SOUTH.

'Twould indeed, my dearest Mor-  
ris, be a pity you should pass your  
days behind a counter: you must  
positively re-assume your studies.

MORRIS.

Aye; I should be glad to do so, if  
I could.

Doctor SOUTH.

I'll write my answer now to Lady  
Fortescue.

*The ADOPTED CHILD.* 51

MORRIS.

I'll carry it with pleasure; but I think she begs you to examine me?

Doctor SOUTH.

You have enabled me to do so, by your questions and replies just now; and I can answer for your head and heart. Perhaps too, I shall have the pleasure of contributing to make you happier than you could have been in trade.—Amuse yourself in looking at these prints, while I am drawing up my answer to the lady.

MORRIS.

Rather let me have a sheet of paper and a pen; because I wish to write a letter likewise.

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Doctor SOUTH.

To the Lady?

MORRIS.

No, Sir, to another person.

Doctor SOUTH.

And to whom?

MORRIS.

When I have finished, you shall know to whom, Sir; but not sooner, if you please.

Doctor SOUTH.

I long to see it.

(He sits down to write, and Morris also writes the following letter.)

"MR. DOCTOR.

I thank you ten times over, for the kindness you have shown me, and for writing upon my account to Lady Forescue. I should have had a deal of

*The ADOPTED CHILD.* 53

pleasure in returning back to school ;  
but since you say, you should be  
pleas'd to make me happy, I will  
think no more of that. I wish indeed  
I were but in your College : I would  
love, you, Sir, with all my heart, be very  
~~studious, and learn every thing you~~  
might be kind enough to teach me.  
I must not presume, however, to ex-  
pect I shall be under your instruction.

— That depends upon God's will and  
yours ; but if I must remain with Mr.  
Hetherington, let me come from time  
to time to see, and have the pleasure  
of conversing with you, and of read-  
ing your fine books, or I shall very  
soon lose every thing, however trif-  
ling, I acquired at school. Have so

54 *The ADOPTED CHILD.*

much kindness for me, dear good Mr. Doctor ; God will bless you for it ; and my mother when inform'd of your good nature, will have comfort in her sorrow ; for she loves me much, and I her too.—Possibly in future—”

Doctor SOUTH.

Well ; and have you finish'd ?

MORRIS.

Not yet, quite ; for I have more to say than you.—However, here it is, as far as I have wrote, and you may read it.

Doctor SOUTH.

How !—and is it then addressed to me!—Well, this is charming ! No, my dearest Morris, you shall live no longer with the mercer, but with me. I promise you as much. Return this

*The ADOPTED CHILD.* 55

moment to the Lady, give her my respects, together with this answer.— You must bring me word, what Lady-Fortescue designs to do.

MORRIS.

And am I, sir, so happy !

Doctor SOUTH.

Well ;—no more at present.—Only go, and God be with you.

MORRIS.

O, I'll run, and come back in an instant.—So farewell, my sweet, kind, Mr. Doctor.

IX.

*Great George-street.*

Lady FORTESCUE, MORRIS.

Lady FORTESCUE.

WELL, Morris, have you brought  
me back an answer?

MORRIS.

Yes, my Lady, here it is.

Lady FORTESCUE.

I long to know what it contains :—  
but little in your commendation I'm  
afraid.—What say you, Morris?

MORRIS.

Nothing, madam, I need be ashame'd  
of, I am certain.

*The ADOPTED CHILD.* 57

Lady FORTESCUE, (*reading to herself,*)

" DEAR MADAM,

You could never have afforded me a greater pleasure than the conversation of the lovely child your ladyship has sent me. From his countenance, so full of innocence and candour, and his active mind, that shows itself in every look and word he speaks, I find myself, I know not how, attach'd to him.—His genius certainly designed him for a higher situation in the world than that to which his father's death has brought him; and cannot but congratulate you on your choice of such an object for your generosity, from whom you may indulge so many expectations. Providence has, not without intention,

58 : *The ADOPTED CHILD.*

thrown him in your way ; and I persuade myself, your ladyship will always have occasion to be satisfied with his behaviour and his gratitude ; for me too, I shall certainly be proud of seconding, by my assistance, such a scheme of generosity, as you have form'd, and have the honour to subscribe myself, &c."

Lady FORTESCUE.

The doctor only praises you methinks by halves ?

MORRIS.

Oh no, my lady, he is satisfied.—He told me so himself ; and then, I likewise see it in your eyes.

Lady FORTESCUE.

Oh ! ho !—my little physiognomist!—You can read countenances,

*The ADOPTED CHILD.* 59

hen, it seems!—but let us speak a little seriously. Suppose there should be found a lady to take care of you, and pay to have you taught and boarded ; —what in that case, would you do ?

MORRIS.

What do?—I cannot tell that very well. I could do nothing of myself ; but I would pray for her with all my heart by day and night.

Lady FORTESCUE, (*embracing him,*)

Then pray for me, my child, as for your second mother.

MORRIS.

Pray for you!

Lady FORTESCUE.

Yes ; yes ; for I will be your second mother, and supply the place of that good father you have lost, by

60 *The ADOPTED CHILD.*

doing every thing he would have done. You shall begin again your studies, and want nothing to compleat your education.

MORRIS, (*throwing himself at her feet,*)

Oh God!—my God!—I have not power to speak!

Lady FORTESCUE.

Get up, and throw yourself into my arms; and if you love me, call me nothing else in future but mama.—You understand me, don't you?

MORRIS.

Yes, mama, I do, I do; and am in heaven!

Lady FORTESCUE.

Poor thing! You are beside yourself:—but be compos'd, and let us take

*The ADOPTED CHILD.* 61

turn or two about the garden. I have something that concerns your mother also, I would speak of.

---

X.

*Bond-street.*

Mr. HETHERINGTON. MORRIS.

Mr. HETHERINGTON.

WHERE have you been loitering,  
pray, these two hours?

MORRIS.

O, my dear, dear Mr. Hethering-  
ton, if you did but know—

Mr. HETHERINGTON.

I know, I know you must not stay

**62    *The ADOPTED CHILD.***

so long upon a message ; therefore let it never be the case again, I charge you. Could not you obtain admittance to the lady ?

MORRIS.

Yes I could ; and she has promised to become my second mother.

MR. HETHERINGTON.

What is that you say ?—your second mother !—sure the boy's turn of fool.

MORRIS.

No, I am not a fool ; but I shall go again to study ; and in three days' time at furthest, shall be sent to Westminster, to school there, where they wear black gowns ; and Lady Fescue will come and tell you all herself.

*The ADOPTED CHILD.* 63

Mr. HETHERINGTON.

How's this? and are you then to  
live with me no longer?

MORRIS.

No—I won't consent to be a mer-  
cer. I like study better.

Mr. HETHERINGTON.

So, it seems you only came to me,  
our son that you might take the opportunity  
of leaving me; but, recollect, that you  
are my apprentice, and I won't part  
with you.

MORRIS.

But you will not, sure, refuse me  
mama, when she applies to have  
me there?

Mr. HETHERINGTON.

And does she imagine, she shall

64 *The ADOPTED CHILD.*

take away my servant just when she thinks proper ?

MORRIS.

But good sir ; without offending you, my articles, you know, are not yet signed, and therefore, I am not your servant.

MR. HETHERINGTON, (*drawing near him, in an attitude of menace,*)

Say another word, you little master of ingratitude—

MORRIS.

And what, pray, have I done, sir  
Caus'd you any loss ?

MR. HETHERINGTON.

You have deceived me. I began to love you ; but I wish now I had never seen you.

MORRIS.

*The ADOPTED CHILD.* 65

MORRIS.

No, sir, I have not deceived you. I should still have lived with you, and little dreamt, this morning, of removing from your house: but put yourself into my place. If my papa had lived, I never should have come from school, and therefore not been here on liking—A kind lady looks upon me with the affection of a father, and from you I go again to school. Is this a fault in me?

MR. HETHERINGTON.

You are in the right; but why are you so lovely? I myself began to look upon you as my child.

MORRIS.

Nor yet am I without a great affec-

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66. *The ADOPTED CHILD.*

tion on my part for you, Sir, I assure you.—(*He offers to embrace him.*)

MR. HETHERINGTON.

No; it would in that case be more difficult for me to give you up—(*he goes out.*)

MORRIS.

He is vexed—this Mr. Hetherington, but he is notwithstanding a good man; and I, myself, shall somehow or another not be pleased to leave him, and particularly so his wife and children.—But it is necessary I should write to my mama.—Oh! how rejoic'd she'll be, when she receives my letter! I could wish it were already in her hands, and I too by her, while she reads it.

*The ADOPTED CHILD.* 67

(He begins to write.)

" MY DEAR MAMA,

Joy ! joy ! Your sorrow's at an end, and so is mine. However, do not weep too much with pleasure, when you read my letter ; for my master sent me to a lady's house this morning with a piece of satin—Oh the lovely angel ! would you were already with me ; for mama, (can it be possible) I am to see you in a few days time. She is to give you an apartment in her house, and you will live with her, and I shall go to school, and see you every day. Oh, what a pleasure that !—You recollect, I fancy, when we parted how you wept and asked if we should ever meet again. Yet it

68 *The ADOPTED CHILD.*

depends now on yourself alone to see me twenty times a day, or oftner. My Mama will send yon money for your journey — my Mama, I say, for she I just now call'd so, is no leſs my mother than yourself ; and I am ſure you will not grieve to hear it. All the money you receive by this, is mine : She gave it me, and I—I give it you. Make haſte to get your things all ready, as the ſooner you arrive, the happier we ſhall be. I told her ſo much good of you, that ſhe desires, as much as I, to ſee you. Write me word when you ſet out, that I may meet you where the ſtage puts up, and tell you [every thing before you ſee her ; but beyond a doubt, the letter ſhe herſelf designs to write will

*The ADOPTED CHILD.* 69

do that for me. So farewell, my dear Mama. I cannot but be apprehensive I should lose the post were I to tell you every thing I know of."

**XI.**

*Hartford.*

MADAM,

HOW shall I find words expressive of my joy and gratitude? Great God! my sorrow then is ended! I am happy! so too is my son! and 'tis thro' you we are so! How, without expiring, as it were, with joy, shall I ascend from an abyss of anguish to the

70 *The ADOPTED CHILD.*

pinnacle of bliss! My tears are all I am possessed of to inform your Ladyship of what I feel: and I regret I cannot now refrain myself, that I may shed them every one before you, and repay such generosity. You tell me it has been your wish to prove a mother: You can therefore form a notion of my happiness—I cannot utter one word more, and yet perhaps, I shall have less to say, when I am with you, and behold our son between us both, and clasp'd with ardour in our arms; but you will understand my silence, while my zeal in future for your service shall explain it every moment of my life. I have, &c.

## The PARRICIDE.

WHAT a frightful night; I'm perishing with cold, and have no shelter from the storm, or bed to warm my numbing limbs. Oh Heavens! I'm old, and labour has besides exhausted all my strength. Unfeeling son! that thought distracts me. Cruel son! 'tis I that gave thee birth ! 'tis I that fed thee ! and 'tis I that watch'd beside thee in the weakness of thy infancy.

When I beheld thee suffering pain,  
my tears bedewed thy cheek: thou  
lov'dst me then, and with carelessness  
said'st, “Papa, why do you weep?  
I am not ill, but well; be therefore  
comforted.” So saying, thou at-  
tempted'st to get up in bed: thy lit-  
tle hands were clasped together in my  
hair, while thou again repeated'st,  
tottering as thou stood'st, “look at  
me, I am cur'd!” but with these  
words, thy infant frame gave way,  
and thou fell'st backward on the bed.  
—Thou would'st have gladly spoke,  
but could'st not—in the end, however,  
by God's will, thy body grew quite  
vigorous. Thou should'st have been  
the pillar of my age; for I had work'd  
to feed thee all my life; but thou

instead, hast driven me from thy house in wind and snow. "We cannot any longer live together," said'st thou in a rage. "Why net, my son?" said I: and what have I done to thee?" I exhorted thee to virtue! that was my offence. Beholding thee consume in scandalous excesses, the well-gotten gain of sixty years' hard toil, that property which I depriv'd myself of with delight, to make thee rich and happy; I presum'd to point thee out the pit, tow'rds which thou wer't precipitately running. Heaven bears witness for me, I was more concern'd for thy sake than my own. Did I not long enough keep silence, from apprehension of afflicting thee? But, in the interval, thou comprehended not

the meaning of my secret sighings. In  
the end I was compell'd to speak : I  
thought myself obliged in duty to re-  
sume a father's rights, yet tempered my  
authority with moderation. My re-  
monstrances were no less kind than  
earnest. I began by talking to thee of  
a mother kill'd with grief by thy un-  
filial-like deportment ; and then also  
of myself, "whose head, thou wouldst  
bring down," I said, "with sorrow  
to the grave." I pointed to my cheeks,  
thus fretted with the tears I had shed  
for thee : showed thee my white hairs,  
made so before their time with sorrow ;  
opened wide my arms, that thou  
mightst run into them and be recon-  
cil'd ; and should have kneel too at thy  
feet, if even such a posture, humbling

In sor a father, would have any how af-  
I I lected thee—While thou, my son !—  
re- Who can believe it?—thou cam'st near  
my in an attitude of threat.—Thy arm  
re- was raised to strike me, and thy door  
than but to, against me.—Still then can I  
e of look upon thee as my son ?—Thou  
un- art no longer so.—But, why then do  
also feel within me, I am still thy father.  
uld't Would I could but curse thee ! but  
orrow not so ; for on the other hand, I dare  
neeks, not tell aloud, the cause of my com-  
d shed plaint, lest God should hear it, and  
hairs, his house, from whence thou hast  
orrow; spelt me, fall upon thy head.  
 thou were then, upon the stone before it,  
recon- ill I lay me down. To-morrow,  
at thy you wilt not be able to go out, but  
ambling you must see me. I can never think

96 *The PARRICIDE.*

thy bosom will not bleed with anguish  
when thou know'st what I have suf-  
fer'd during such a night. But if it's no  
rigour, or the weakness of my age, or  
(still, much more than all) my grief,  
shall have concluded my existence,  
shudder at thy crime; weep for me;  
but still most of all, give way to sor-  
row for myself.—My death, I will  
consider as a blessing, if it leads to  
thy amendment.

Such were the complaints of the  
old man. The north wind wasted  
his sad sighings with it, during the  
whole night. The air re-echoed to the  
tempest, and the forest trees gave way  
way before it; while all nature seemed  
as if it shook with horror at the crime.  
Upon the morrow early, was the old

## *The PARRICIDE.* 77

guilty man found quite dead upon the stone ;  
he suffoc'd, had his hands fast lock'd in one  
of its mother, and his face in dying was  
turn'd upward. The last word he  
had pronounc'd, was that of *son* ; and  
in the moment of expiring nature,  
had pray'd a blessing on the par-  
to someicide.



THE  
**FAMILY PRESERVED**  
**FROM RUIN.**

EDWARDS, a gardener of Chelsea, was consider'd as the cleverest fellow in the place: his fruit surpass'd in beauty those of every gardener round about him, and in taste were also preferable. Every wealthy family residing in the parish when they gave

dinner, made a point of serving up in the desert his peaches. He was under no necessity of sending out his melons to be sold at Covent-Garden ; they were always bought while growing, and even gold was sometimes given for them.

The delight he took in his plantations, and the profit they procured him were sufficient motives to encourage him in labour. Diligent as Edwards was, he might have had a hundred sweethearts : but he married Phillis, daughter of a farmer in the neighbourhood, whose prudence was no less conspicuous than her prettiness.

At the beginning of their marriage, the first year was very happy ; Phil-

So *The FAMILY PRESERV'D*  
lis seconded her husband's labours in  
the cultivation of his plants ; and ne-  
ver had the fruits he sold upon the  
spot, or sent to market, been so pro-  
sperous.

But unluckily for Edwards, in the  
house next his, there liv'd another  
gardener, who, as soon as it was day,  
went always to some ale-house or an-  
other, without leaving it till night.—  
The jovial humour of this man, whose  
name was Gilbert, prov'd a snare to  
Edwards, who began to give into his  
way. At first, indeed, he only wen-  
to find him at the ale-house for some  
conversation on the gardening busi-  
ness ; but, alas ! soon after, in his ver-

garden

garden, he had nothing to discourse about but liquor.

Phillis sigh'd at this unhappy alteration of behaviour in her husband.

She had not as yet acquired sufficient knowledge in the art of managing his espaliers, and therefore often was compell'd to fetch him from his pot-companions to his labour in the garden; and indeed it would have frequently been better, had he not been snare'd in it, when he prun'd his trees, into him with liquor in his head. His knife only went made random havock of the branches. Those that bore the choicest fruit were often lopped away, as well as the unfruitful ones; and those peach trees, which the year

**§ 2** *The FAMILY PRESERV'D*  
preceding had not any useless sprigs  
about them, now, according to the  
expression of a certain beautiful young  
lady, did but stretch out from the  
wall their arms across the pathway  
like so many idle fellows.

In the interim, the more our Edward saw his garden languish, so much more did he devote his time and money to intoxication ; and by this time all his fruits and vegetables had completely lost their name. 'Twas now, that utterly incapable of drawing any longer from the produce of the garden wherewithal to satisfy his softish cravings, by degrees he parted with his furniture, his cloaths and linen ; till at last, one day, when Phillis was at market, with the groans she had her

self made shift to cultivate, he went and sold his tools, to drink away the trifling sum they fetched him, at the alehouse, with his dear companion Gilbert.

'Twould be difficult to guess the sorrow Phyllis underwent at her return from market. To be plung'd herself from a convenient comfortable situation into beggary, was not the only cause of her affliction. She lamented much more bitterly the lot of her unhappy husband, and the helpless situation of a child not more than six months old, which then she suckled.

Who would ever have imagin'd Providence had will'd, by this child's had her

84 *The FAMILY PRESERV'D*  
means, to save the family from utter  
ruin ?

Edwards, in the evening of the  
very day we have been speaking of,  
came swearing home; and lounging  
with his elbow on the dresser, ask'd of  
Phillis in a brutal manner, what she  
had to eat? when Phyllis put into  
his hand a knife, and on the table  
plac'd a basket she had cover'd with  
her apron, Edwards hastily remov'd the  
cover; but imagine what was his sur-  
prise to see the little infant fast asleep!  
“ Eat, eat,” said Phillis, “ This is  
all you have contriv'd to leave me.  
As his father, you have certainly more  
right to be his executioner than fa-  
mine, which it will be very quickly.”  
Edwards, stupified at this, sat mo-

tionless, and rivetted his eyes upon the child. At last he burst forth into tears, got up, embrac'd his wife, implor'd her pardon, and sincerely promis'd he would alter his behaviour. It appears he kept his word. His spouse's father, who had long refus'd to see him—when inform'd of such a happy change, advanc'd him money to buy tools, and put himself again to work. Of this assistance, Edwards wisely profited, and very soon his garden grew more fruitful than it ever yet had been, while he himself was always after—that industrious man he had been, easy in circumstances, a kind husband, and a careful father.

Finis

Frequently it gave him pleasure to relate, though blushing this, pathetic story to his son, who following such a good example, look'd on sloth and drunkenness with such abhorrence, that he shew'd himself a pattern of sobriety and diligence.



## **MUTUAL FRIENDSHIP.**

---

EMILIA, Harriot, Lucy, and Sophia, had a governess who lov'd them with a mother's tenderness. This governess's name was Mademoiselle d'Ayron.

Her greatest wish was, that HER pupils should be virtuous to be happy : that a friendship for each other should increase the pleasures of their childhood, and that they should taste those

## 88 MUTUAL FRIENDSHIP.

pleasures without diminution or anxiety.

A kind indulgence and exact degree of justice towards them, were the constant motives of her conduct, whether she had any thing to pardon, to reward or punish in them.

She enjoy'd, with infinite delight, the happy fruits proceeding from her lessons and example.

The four little girls were soon the happiest children in the world. They told each other of their faults, forgave each other, shar'd together of each other's joys, and could not live without each other.

But by some unhappy chance, they poison'd, as it were, the source of their enjoyments, at the very mo-

## MUTUAL FRIENDSHIP. 89

and they began to taste its charms : and were convinced how much it could not but redound to their advantage to be guided by a person of such prudence and affection as their governess.

It happen'd Mademoiselle d'Ayron was forc'd to leave her pupils for a time ; as certain family concerns necessitated her to visit France. She left them with reluctance, made a sacrifice of some advantages to the desire of quickly settling her affairs ; and hardly had a month expired, when she returned in safety to her little flock.

They all receiv'd her with the greatest signs of joy : but what unhappy alteration did she not almost

90 *MUTUAL FRIENDSHIP.*

immediately perceive in these poor little children?

If, as frequently it happen'd, any one among them ask'd the slightest favour of another, this ill-naturedly refus'd it, and hence follow'd discontent and quarrels. The uncommon gaiety that hitherto had been remarkable in all their little pastimes, and even made their work itself delightful, now was chang'd to pcevishness and melancholy.

And instead of those expressions dictated by peace and friendship which were heard in all their conversations, nothing now prevailed among them but incessant bickerings. D<sup>r</sup> either wish to take an hour's diversion in the garden, she was sure he

the poor sisters would assign some reason for remaining in their chamber. And in short, it was enough that any thing should meet the wish of one among them to displease the others.

It particularly chanc'd one day, that not contented to deny each other every sort of friendship and obligingness, they mutually distressed each other with reproaches. Mademoiselle d'Ayron, who sat a witness of this scene, was so affected by it, as to shed even tears.

She could not speak a word ; but sensibly withdrew into her chamber, that the better she might think upon the means of rendering back to these unhappy little ones the pleasures they

92 *MUTUAL FRIENDSHIP.*

had lost of their precedent friendship  
and reciprocal attachment.

She was still employed in this affecting task, when all the four young ladies enter'd her apartment with a peevish look, complaining they could be no longer happy in each other's company. There was not one of them but charg'd the rest with causing it, and altogether earnestly desir'd their governess would give them back provided she could do so, their lost happiness.

The governess received them in a very serious manner, saying, I observe my children, you obstruct each other in your pleasures; therefore that this circumstance may never come to pass again, let each take up her cor-

in this very room, if she thinks proper, and divert herself whatever way she likes ; but so as not to interfere with either of her sisters. You may have recourse to this new mode of recreation instantly ; as you have leave to play till night ; but each (remember) in her corner, as I said just now.

The little girls were charm'd with this proposal, took their places, and began to play.

Sophia enter'd into conversation with her doll, or rather told it many little stories ; but her doll could not reply ; and had no stories in return to tell. It was in vain to look for any entertainment from her sisters. They were playing, each asunder in their corner.

94 *MUTUAL FRIENDSHIP.*

Lucy took her battledore and shuttlecock, yet none applauded her dexterity : besides she would have gladly struck it quite across the room ; but none in that case would have sent it back. It was in vain to hope such service from her sisters. They were playing each asunder in their corner.

Harriot would have wished to pass the time that now hung heavy on her, at the game she was so fond of, *Hunt the Slipper* : But, alas ! who was there she might pass the slipper to from hand to hand ! it was in vain to ask her sisters. They were playing each asunder in their corner.

And Emilia, who was very skilful, as a little housewife, thought how she might give her friends an

## MUTUAL FRIENDSHIP. 95

entertainment ; and of course, send out for many things to market. But of her companions, none were by to whom she might entrust her orders. 'Twas in vain to pitch upon her sisters. They were playing each asunder in their corner.

It was just the same with every other play they tried at. All supposed it would be compromising matters to approach each other : And on that account, disdainfully continu'd in their solitude. At length the day concluded. They returned again to Mad'moiselle d'Ayron, and begg'd her to inform them of a better species of amusement, than the ineffectual spinwhorishness of their

factual one she had already recommended.

I can only think of one, my children, she made answer, which yourselves were formerly acquainted with; but which, it seems, you have forgot. Yet, if you wish to put it once more into practice, I can easily remind you of it.

Oh, we wish to recollect it, they replied, with all our hearts; and stood attentive while their governess was looking at them, just as if they wished to seize with ardour the first word she utter'd.

'Tis, she answer'd, that reciprocal obligingness, that mutual friendship sisters owe each other. Oh my dearest

little

## MUTUAL FRIENDSHIP. 97

little friends ! how miserable have you not contrived to make yourselves, and me too, since you lost it !

She stopp'd short, when she had utter'd these few words, which yet were interrupted frequently by sighs, while tears of tenderness ran down her cheeks.

The little girls appear'd astonish'd, and struck dumb with sorrow and confusion in her presence. She held out her arms : they rush'd at once affectionately towards her, and sincerely promised they would love each other for the future, and agree as they had done before she left them.

From that moment, they betray'd no signs of peevishness to trouble

98 *MUTUAL FRIENDSHIP.*

their harmonious intercourse. Instead of bickerings and discontent among them, nothing now was known but mutual condescensions that delighted all who had the opportunity of being with them.

They preserve this amiable character at present in the world among their friends, of whom they are acknowledged the delight and ornament.

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## G O D's B I R D.

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Mrs. ARNE. EDWARD and JAMES,  
*her sons.*

Mrs. ARNE.

JEMMY, what may you have done  
with all your money ?

JAMES.

Given it away, Mama.

Mrs. ARNE.

Away, my little fellow ! and to  
whom, pray ?

**KOO GOD'S BIRD,**

JAMES.

To a very wicked boy.

Mrs. ARNE.

To make him better, I imagine ?

JAMES.

Yes, Mama. Pray, don't the birds  
that fly about belong to God ?

Mrs. ARNE.

They do ; as well as we ourselves,  
and every other creature.

JAMES.

Well, mama ; this wicked boy had  
stole a bird from God, and carried it  
about to sell. The little bird cried out  
with all its strength ; and he was pinch-  
ing close the beak, to hinder it from  
crying. He was certainly afraid,  
Mama, that God would hear it cry,

**GOD's BIRD.** 101

and punish him for so much naughtiness.

Mrs. ARNE.

And you, my little man?

JAMES.

And I—I gave the wicked boy my money, purse and all, that he might give God back again his bird—I fancy God was very glad. (*He jumps about for joy.*)

Mrs. ARNE.

He was, no doubt, to find my little fellow has so good a heart.

JAMES.

The boy, perhaps was wicked, wanting money?

Mrs. ARNE.

Very likely.

JAMES.

I am therefore glad I gave him mine ; because you know, Mama, I don't want money.

EDWARD.

We have had a quarrel, upon this affair. My brother gave his purse, and did not count how much was in it, notwithstanding he had more than would have bought ten birds. I told him he should first have asked the boy how much would satisfy him.

JAMES.

Which was in the right, Mama ?

Mrs ARNE.

Not you, my precious.

JAMES.

But how often have you said, if

you remember : " Jemmy, do whatever good you can, and ask no questions."

Mrs. ARNE.

I have often told you so, indeed ; but then you should consider how to do most good. To day, for instance, since your money was sufficient to deliver more than one poor bird, you should have kept the rest in your possession, for a second, third, or fourth good action, like it ; for if other wicked boys had come into your way, as well as he did, with God's birds, and you had no more money, what would you have done ?

JAMES.

Why then, Maima, I would have

come to you, for what I wanted.

Mrs. ARNE.

But if I had happen'd to have none?

JAMES.

Ah!—so much then the worse!

Mrs. ARNE.

You see then, Edward gave you good advice. You are to be as saving of your money, as you can, that you may do most good therewith. Do you suppose, my dear, there was no other bird than this in all the world, to which you might have given assistance.

JAMES.

I was thinking of no other then—I wish, Mama, you had but seen how much he seem'd at first to suffer, and

how glad he was, when afterward I let him fly. He was quite giddy with his joy, he knew not where to go that he might clap his wings. However, dear Mama, the boy assured me, for I made him promise, he would never try a second time to catch it.

Mrs. ARNE.

My little fellow, you have notwithstanding done quite well ; and to reward you, here's more money.

JAMES.

More !—O, thank you.

Mrs. ARNE.

And a kiss into the bargain. How rejoiced I am in being your mama ! with such an inclination as you have

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for doing good, you need but study  
how to do it in a proper manner, and  
you'll prove the happiest creature in  
the world.

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PRIDE and VANITY  
CONFOUNDED.

*A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.*

## CHARACTERS. PR

Mr. DAVENPORT, } living on their  
Mrs. DAVENPORT, } estate.

VALENTINE, their son.

Mr. EVELEIGH, } guests of Mr.

Mr. ROBSON, } Davenport.

MATTHEW, a little country lad.

ARTHUR, a gardener.

The scene in the first act is a terrace in Mr. Davenport's garden; throughout the second act, a wood SEE,  
adjoining to it. *ed stands much to p and  
is out*

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S. PRIDE and VANITY  
CONFOUNDED.

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ACT I.

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SCENE I.

Mr. and Mrs. DAVENPORT,

Mr. DAVENPORT.

SEE, my dear, how Valentine walks  
up and down there by the arbour, oc-  
cupied upon his book. I apprehend  
is out of pride and vanity, much ra-

ther than a real wish of knowledge, that he affects to be for ever reading.

Mrs. DAVENPORT.

Why should you conceive thus harshly of him?

Mr. DAVENPORT.

Don't you see, how every now and then he looks about him, to observe, no doubt, if any one takes notice?

Mrs. DAVENPORT.

Yet, you know his masters every one applaud his diligence, and think him clever for his age.

Mr. DAVENPORT.

That's true indeed. But yet I think I am not wrong in my suspicions and believe me, if the little stock of knowledge he has gained contribute

*C O N F O U N D E D.* 111

to his pride and vanity, I should much rather chuse he knew scarce any thing, if with it, he were only modest.

Mrs. DAVENPORT.

How, my dear ! scarce any thing ?

Mrs. DAVENPORT.

Scarce any thing—A man with nothing more than common sense, but therewithal industrious, diffident, and honest, is a member of society much more entitled to respect and approbation, than another, whose excessive learning, as it were, has turned his head, and filled him with conceit.

Mrs. DAVENPORT.

I cannot think our Valentine in such a case.

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Mr. DAVENPORT.

I hope the same. But we are nigh the arbour: I shall watch him very narrowly, and am determin'd to take every method in my power of finding out the truth. I see him coming towards us. Leave me for a moment with him.

---

*S C E N E II.*

Mr. DAVENPORT. VALENTINE.

VALENTINE (*to Matthew at the entrance, peevishly*),

NO, no: go about your business. (*To his father*). 'Tis that little block-head

head Matthew, who will always come to take off my attention, when he sees me reading.

**Mr. DAVENPORT.**

But why call him Blockhead, Valentine?

**VALENTINE.**

Because, Sir, he knows nothing.

**Mr. DAVENPORT.**

Nothing, I acknowledge, you have learned; but then he knows, believe me, many matters you have no idea of. You might in truth be useful to each other, by communicating to each other what you separately know.

**VALENTINE.**

He might indeed, learn much from

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me ; but what could I get out of him

Mr. DAVENPORT.

If you are one day or another to possess my lands, do you imagine 'twould be useless to acquire betimes a notion of such labours as a country life requires ? to know the property of trees and plants ? to learn the time of seed and harvests ? and to understand the miracles of vegetation ? — Matthew can already teach you all these things, and asks no payment for instructing you therein. They will be of the greatest use at one time or another to you. On the other hand, the knowledge you can let him into, would be useless to him : Thus you see, that in this mutual business of

*CONFOUNDED.* 115

instruction, all the advantage would be yours.

VALENTINE.

But, would it, Sir, become me to learn any thing from such a clown?

Mr. DAVENPORT.

Why not, if he has any thing to teach you; I am sensible of no distinction that subsists among mankind, but those of honesty and useful knowledge; and you'll own, that both in honesty and useful knowledge, this same country boy is your superior.

VALENTINE.

How!—in honesty, as well as useful knowledge?

Mr. DAVENPORT.

Yes: for honesty, in every state

of life, is the performance of our duty : he performs towards you his duty by the attachment and good-will he manifests in your behalf. Fulfil your duty in like manner then towards him, by condescension and obligingness ; for he deserves as much. He is extremely active and intelligent. He has a world of good-nature, has no grovelling thoughts, and is a lad of parts, if they were only cultivated. You should think yourself quite happy, Valentine, in having a companion such as he, from whom you may derive the greatest benefits, while he amuses you. His father is my foster brother, and has always highly lov'd me. I am certain Matthew does not love you less. Look

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if he be not loitering now about the arbour, doubtless for the pleasure of your company, when I have left you. Think of treating him with kindness. There is far more honesty, and even honour in his father's cottage than in many rich men's houses. And besides, his family have cultivated our estate, from son to son, these many generations, so that I could wish the tie were to perpetuate itself between our children.

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*S C E N E III.*

VALENTINE, (*alone,*)

YES! a charming tie indeed!

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fancy my papa was joking. Such a little looby fit to teach me any thing! —No, no; and therefore I will so confound him with my knowledge, that he shall not in a hurry speak out of his.

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*S C E N E IV.*

**VALENTINE.** **MATTHEW.**

**MATTHEW.**

**So,** Master Valentine, you will not then accept my little nosegay?

**VALENTINE.**

Out upon your nosegay! It has neither a ranunculus or tulip in it.

MATTHEW.

True; the flowers are only wild; but very pretty: and I thought you would not have been sorry to be told their names.

VALENTINE.

A thing of great importance truly to be told the name of your fine flowers! No, no;—and so you need but carry back your present to the dung-hill where you got it.

MATTHEW.

Had I known all this beforehand, I would not have taken so much pains to get these flowers—I was unwilling to come home last night, and not bring something, such as I imagin'd you would like; and tho'

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the hour was somewhat late, I  
too very hungry, yet I stopped to  
gather them by moon-light in the  
meadow.

*VALENTINE.*

You are talking of the moon—And  
do you know how big it is?

*MATTHEW.*

How big?—As big as—say—a-  
bout the bigness of a Cheshire cheese.

*VALENTINE.*

Oh, what a stupid little dunce.  
(*Matthew stares, while Valentine struts  
to and fro before him, like a man of  
great importance.*)

See—here's Telemachus—look at  
it.—Did you ever read this work?

*MATTHEW.*

Not I—I never heard it mention'd

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in our catechism ; and my master never spoke of such a book at school.

VALENTINE.

Delightful !—Just as if Telema-chus were proper for a country bumpkin !

MATTHEW.

Why then, did you ask me ?—Let me see it.

VALENTINE.

Don't presume to touch it with those villainous coarse hands.—Or stay.—(*he catches hold of Matthew by the hand,*)—Where got you such a pair of ox-hide gloves ?

MATTHEW.

Gloves, please you ?—lack-a-day ! they are my hands.

VALENTINE.

The skin's so thick, 'twould do to

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cut out into soles for shoes.

MATTHEW.

'Tis not with idleness, grown thick.  
—You are not at a loss, I see, to talk;  
and yet I would not change myself  
for you.—To labour, and not laugh  
at others, is my way ; and should be  
what you ought to learn—But 'tis no  
matter ;—so farewell.

---

S C E N E V.

VALENTINE.

I THINK the looby meant to ri-  
dicule me.—But I see the company,  
and they are coming on the terrace  
—I'll put on my studious face before

them.—(he sits down, pretending to be fix'd with great attention on his book.)

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*S C E N E VI.*

Mr. and Mrs. DAVENPORT. Mr. EVELEIGH. Mr. ROBSON; and VAELNTINE (*sitting on a bench apart.*)

Mr. DAVENPORT.

W H A T a charming evening!—  
Will you go with me, my friends, as far as yonder hill before us, to observe the setting sun?

Mr. EVELEIGH.

I was just going to propose it.—We

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shall have a glorious sight!—The sky  
is perfectly serene; nor does a cloud  
obscure it towards the west.

Mr. ROBSON.

I cannot easily give up the night-  
ingale.—Hear, Madam,—do you hear  
her tuneful cadences?

Mrs. DAVENPORT.

I had forgot.—My heart was over-  
flowing with the pleasure of the scene  
before me.

Mr. EVELEIGH.

How can men consent to live in  
cities at this charming season?

Mr. DAVENPORT.

Valentine, will you go up the hill  
with us, and see the sun go down?

VALENTINE.

No—thank you, Sir, for I am read-

ing something here, that gives me greater satisfaction.

Mr. DAVENPORT.

If you speak the truth, I pity you.—If not—but come, my friends, we have no time to lose, if we desire a prospect so delightful. (*They go toward the hill.*)

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*S C E N E VII.*

VALENTINE, (*alone and seeing them withdraw,*)

GOOD!—they now are out of sight; and therefore I can have no longer need to carry on the farce. (*he puts his book up in his pocket.*) What notion will

not these good people form upon the subject of my industry! —I should rejoice to be a bird, that I might fly about the hill and hear the praises they bestow upon me. (*He walks backward and forward on the terrace, yawning all the while.*) But I am somewhat tir'd, I think, with staying here alone, and can divert myself much better.—So—the sun's gone down ; and, if I don't mistake the company's returning—Yes.—I'll therefore steal into the wood, and hide myself in such a part, that they shall not without a deal of difficulty find me.—My Mama will send the servants out with flambeaux to discover me.—The company will talk about me all the evening long, and very possibly compare me to

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those great philosophers that have so often lost themselves in forests, while they walked along and thought. My ramble, therefore, will occasion no small stir!—Quick, quick!—(*He gets into the wood.*)

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*S C E N E VIII.*

Mr. and Mrs. DAVENPORT, Mr. EVELEIGH, and Mr. ROBSON.

Mr. EVELEIGH.

I NEVER in my life, saw anything more glorious!

Mr. DAVENPORT.

The delight I felt in gazing at so

beautiful an object was increased by sharing it with you, my friends.

Mr. ROBSON.

The nightingale continues still her song ; and it appears, that with the twilight she assumes a cadence ten times more delightful, sweet and plaintive.—I am sorry, madam, you don't seem as if you heard her with such satisfaction as before the sun was set.

Mrs. DAVENPORT.

The reason is, I'm looking round about for Valentine : I don't perceive him on the terrace. (*she calls out*) Valentine, where are you ? (*she sees the gardener and calls to him*) Arthur, have you seen the child just now ?

ARTHUR,

ARTHUR, (*coming in,*)

Yes, madam; just this minute: he  
was running towards the wood.

Mrs. DAVENPORT.

The wood!—And if he should be  
lost!—Do Arthur, run and bring him  
back.

ARTHUR.

Yes, Madam, (*goes out.*)

Mrs. DAVENPORT.

And won't you go with him, like-  
wise, Mr. Davenport?

Mr. DAVENPORT.

Not I, my dear. I am not in the  
least uneasy for him. Arthur will dis-  
cover him, I warrant you.

Mrs. DAVENPORT.

But then my life—if Arthur should

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pursue a different path?—I'm quite  
alarm'd!

Mr. ROBSON.

Pray, madam, don't be frighten'd.—Mr. Eveleigh and I will go on either side the wood, while Arthur runs along the middle.—We can't fail, that way, of meeting with him.

Mrs. DAVENPORT.

My good friends, I durst not ask you to take so much trouble; but you know the feelings of a mother.

Mr. DAVENPORT.

Pray don't give yourself this trouble, gentlemen: you'll disoblige me.

Mr. EVELEIGH.

We are sure, you will forgive us if we please the lady, upon this occasion, rather than yourself.

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Mr. DAVENPORT.

Well, do as you think proper gentlemen : for my part, I must own, 'tis quite against my will.

Mr. ROBSON.

At our return, sir, we'll attend to your reproaches. (*they go towards the wood.*)

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*SCENE IX.*

Mr. and Mrs. DAVENPORT.

Mrs. DAVENPORT.

BUT how's this my dear !—What reason have you to appear so careless—

Mr. DAVENPORT.

As you'll say, of any accident that

may befall the child? but do you think, I love him less than you do? —No; but on the other hand, I love him better.—

Mrs. DAVENPORT.

And suppose, my dear, they should not find him?

Mr. DAVENPORT.

I sincerely hope they may not.

Mrs. DAVENPORT.

What! that he should pass the night in such a place?—What would become of the unhappy child?—And what of me?

Mr. DAVENPORT.

The consequence might be, that both of you would rid yourselves of two great inconveniences—He would be cur'd in such case of his vanity;

**C O N F O U N D E D .** 133

and you of your unbounded love that  
cherishes that vanity.

**Mrs. D A V E N P O R T .**

I don't well understand you, Mr.  
Davenport !

**M r . D A V E N P O R T .**

I am at length convinc'd of what  
I did but hitherto conjecture, He  
has got his head, believe me, full of  
a ridiculous though dangerous vanity ;  
and all his readings is but ostentation.  
He has only lost himself, that we  
might have to seek him, and himself  
be looked on as a youth of so much  
thought that he could possibly be lost.  
This error of his mind occasions me  
more trouble and anxiety than if his  
steps had err'd, and he will be unhappy  
all his life, if nothing be applied

to cure him, and 'tis nothing in the world, except humiliation that will cure him.

Mrs. DAVENPORT.

But, my dear, do you consider—

Mr. DAVENPORT.

Yes; I have considered every thing—He's now eleven years old—if he possesses half the knowledge he makes boast of,—aided by the brightness of the moon, he cannot but find out his way: it is but coming eastward.—

Mrs. DAVENPORT.

But, my dear, if he should not rethink himself of coming eastward?—

Mr. DAVENPORT.

He will then perceive the disadvantage of not following those in-

structions I have often given him on this subject.—And besides, you know he is to enter in a year, or very likely less, into the service of his country; in the course of which, he will have, doubtless, many nights to weather in the open country. He will then have made a trial of the difficulty, and not go to camp a novice and be laughed at. At this season of the year, too, recollect, the air is not so very cold; and for a single night, I fancy, he will hardly die of hunger. Since then, his own folly may have brought him into some slight inconvenience, let him extricate himself, or else endure it.

Mrs. DAVENPORT.

Mr. Davenport, I cannot be of your

opinion ; and will go myself, if you won't, should our friends return without him.

Mr. DAVENPORT.

Well, my dear, to pacify you,—tho' it hurts me, that I cannot execute my project to the full—I'll bid the little Matthew seek him, but pretend he came by chance. Be satisfied with this ; for my resolve is taken, and I will not, through a foolish fondness, let him be deprived of an important benefit, arising from this accident.—But look, our friends are coming back with Arthur.

Mrs. DAVENPORT.

Heavens ! I see them, and without him !

Mr. DAVENPORT.

Truly I am very glad.

## SCENE X.

Mr. and Mrs. DAVENPORT, Mr.  
EVELEIGH, and Mr. ROBSON.

Mr. ROBSON.

DEAR Madam, you may see we have not prospered in our search; but Mr. Davenport, if you will only order some of your attendants with a torch or two—

## Mr. DAVENPORT.

No—gentlemen :— You have obligingly consented to the entreaties of my wife ; and now, I hope, you'll be so kind as to comply with mine. I am a father, and acquainted with my duty.—Let us go into the house, and there I'll give you an account of my intention.



## A C T II.

## SCENE I.

MATTHEW, (*alone,*)

SO, so, here I am, and my commission's half perform'd already; for I've found out our young squire, and dogged him hither.—Ah! ah! ha! pretending to be lost, it seems then, he has actually lost himself; and there he goes, without even so much courage as is requisite to whistle and keep up his courage. But it seems, we are to sup and lodge here: and for that I come provided with the needful.—

od!—This night will then be that  
my revenge; but I'll have no re-  
ge without instruction in it; so in-  
mbling my young master, I shall  
be, as before, his friend—But soft:  
He's coming this way.—I'll con-  
ceal myself behind yon clump of  
trees, and take the proper opportuni-  
ty of falling, as it were by chance, into  
his way—but I've no time to lose that  
I may gain my hiding-place;—and  
ha! ha!—then master Valentine,—the  
n, he country bumpkin will have at you.

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*S C E N E II.*

VALENTINE, (*alone,*)

RETCHED as I am, to ven-  
ge me thus far, and lose the path!

—'Tis night, and I have no one to en-  
quire of, which way I should turn.  
(He cries out) Papa ! papa !—No an-  
swer !—miserable child !—What will  
become of me ?—Mama ! (weeping)  
where are you ?—Let me hear your  
voice, if you are nigh me :—Heaven !—  
what runs across the wood ?—It  
should be a wolf ?—Help ! help !

## SCENE II.

VALENTINE. MATTHEW.

MATTHEW, (*running to him,*)

WHO's there ?—Who cries out so  
—What, Master Valentine !—Can it  
be you ?—By what strange accident  
are you here, and at such an hour ?—  
this ?

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VALENTINE.

My dearest Matthew!—my good  
friend!—I've lost myself.

MATTHEW.

(At first looking at him with astonishment; and after, bursting out a laugh-  
(  
g,) )

My dearest Matthew!—my good  
friend?—And do you know what you  
are saying!—I your dearest Matthew?  
Your good friend?—No, I am no-  
thing but a stupid little dunce!—a  
country bumpkin!—Don't you recol-  
lect?—Let go my hand:—the skin's  
so thick, 'twould do to cut out into  
soles for shoes.

VALENTINE.

My dearest friend, forgive my in-  
sults, and for pity's sake conduct me

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home.—Mama, you may be sure, w  
recompense you for it.

MATTHEW (*considering him from head  
to foot,*)

Have you finished reading yo  
*Telemmers*, as I think you call it?

VALENTINE (*in great confusion,*)

Ah—

MATTHEW (*putting his finger to  
nose, and looking up,*)

So,—tell me, now, my wise phi  
sopher, how big the moon may be?

VALENTINE.

For goodness sake, dear Matthew,  
spare my shame; and lead me som  
way or another, home.

MATTHEW.

So then you see, at last, Sir, a  
man may be a stupid little dunce, a count

bumpkin, and be notwithstanding good for something.—And at present, what would you not part with, to find out the way conducting through the wood, instead of knowing, if you really do know as much, how big the moon is?

**VALENTINE.**

I acknowledge my injustice, and will never take so much upon me for the future.

**MATTHEW.**

Well, I vow, but this is marvellous, that accident should thus have brought me hither, and made you repent of former misbehaviour:—but however, now I think on't, your repentance, springing from necessity, may hang but by a thread. And 'tis not in the least degree improper that

a little gentleman, as you are, should discern your error in despising, as you have, an honest peasant's son, as if he were a dog, to be insulted at your will. And yet, that you may likewise know how free this stupid little dunce, this country bumpkin is of malice, I'll consent to keep you company till morning, as I frequently have done my sheep; and then betimes I'll guard you home; for running after you just now, when you were crying out, I lost the path myself.—Come then, and in the interim, I'll share my bed-room with you.

YESTERDAY  
**VALENTINE.**

What, dear Matthew?

MAT-

**CONFOUNDED.** 145

MATTHEW, (*stretching himself under a tree,*)

Yes, I say, my bed-room.—Come then, and lye down, I tell you, at your ease.

**VALENTINE.**

But where's your bed-room?

**MATTHEW.**

Where we are ; and here's our bed.—Come, take your place.—'Tis large enough, I'll warrant you, for both.

**VALENTINE.**

What, Matthew, is it here we are to sleep ?

**MATTHEW.**

Affuredly, if I'm unable to conduct you home ; and let me say, King George himself is not more grandly

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lodg'd ;—for look above us, what an awning! with how many brilliant diamonds is it not enrich'd ! and there's our silver lamp too (*showing him the moon*) —Well Sir, what think you of our elegant accommodations ?—but before we go to sleep (*getting up*) be like you may be hungry.

VALENTINE.

Yes, indeed, good Matthew ! but this wood affords no victuals.

MATTHEW.

If it does not, still my pockets do, and I can serve you in this difficulty also.—Here are two or three potatoes,—I have always some about me.—Take and eat them.

VALENTINE.

Eat them, Matthew ? —they are raw ?

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**M A T T H E W.**

They are,—and therefore dress  
them, you know how.

**V A L E N T I N E.**

Know how! —

**M A T T H E W.**

You need but roast them.—Make  
a fire.

**V A L E N T I N E.**

But I should have *some* first, to make  
one: and besides where come at coals?

**M A T T H E W,** (*with a sneer,*)

And will not your *Tatemmers* tell  
you where?

**V A L E N T I N E.**

Alas, good Matthew!

**M A T T H E W.**

Well, I'll prove then I know more

K 2

than you, and all your fine Telemmers into the bargain.—So, d'ye mind—This neighbourhood will furnish us, with touchwood.—Yes, here's some. (*he takes some rotten wood up, and a tinder box with flint and steel out of his pocket.*) Here's more of what I call my travelling equipage; (*striking light*) Click!—Click!—There's fire; and you shall see. (*He puts the tinder on the ground, and then the touch-wood round about it, after which he spreads it over with dried leaves, and fans them gently with his hat, till he discerns the fire.*) Our oven will be quickly finished. (*He puts more touch-wood on the lighted leaves*) Do you see? (*He places the potatoes round about the fire, and covers them with crumbled mould.*)

This will prevent their burning. (*After this, he adds more wood, and sets the whole a blazing with his bat.*) Now, have you a finer kitchen fire at home? —Our supper, I can see, will soon be ready.

**VALENTINE.**

My dear Matthew! — how can I reward you for the trouble you go through on my account?

**MATTHEW.**

Oh, fie on your rewards. — Is not he well rewarded that obliges others? I am only thinking what you would have done if I had not been strolling, and by hazard, nigh this place! — But stay a little: while the supper's doing, I'll go fetch some hay that's not yet

carried home.—'Tis still in cock, and not far off, on this side of the wood.— You'll sleep upon it like a prince.— Take care however of the roast, while I am absent.

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## S C E N E. IV.

VALENTINE (*alone,*)

How foolish, and unjust too, I have been to scorn this lad!—What am I in his company?—How little I seem now in my own eyes, when I compare his conduct with my own!—But I shall change that conduct:—never will I scorn, in future, any one for his inferior situation in the world; or be so proud and self-conceited as I have been. (*He goes to and fro by the*

light the fire affords, and gathers up more touch-wood, which he lays on the potatoes.)

---

*S C E N E V.*

**VALENTINE. MATTHEW.**

MATTHEW (with a large bundle of hay,) *comes in*

HERE'S your bed—I'll make you one, I fancy, you will find quite downy.

**VALENTINE.**

Thank you, my good friend.—I would assist you, but I don't know how to set about it.

**MATTHEW.**

I want none of your assistance ; but

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will do the whole.—So go and warm yourself.

(*He spreads part of the bay for Valentine, and keeps the rest to cover him.*)

That's finished ; therefore now let's go to supper.

(*He pulls out a potatoe from the fire, and feels it.*)

They are quite done : so eat them, Master Valentine, while hot ; and they will be the better for it.

VALENTINE.

You will eat too, Matthew.

MATTHEW.

"No—no : —there is only just enough for you.

VALENTINE.

How Matthew ! — I insist —

MATTHEW.

I will not positively touch a bit.—  
I am not hungry; and besides, it  
pleases me to see you eat so heartily.  
—How say you? Are they good?

VALENTINE.

Delightful!

MATTHEW.

I would lay a wager they are better  
than at home!

VALENTINE.

Indeed I think so.

MATTHEW.

You have done?—Well, come;  
your bed is ready for you.—(Val-  
entine lies down, Matthew strews the  
rest of the hay over him, and then  
pulling off his jacket, says,) The nights  
are rather chilly,—so take this to co-

ver you.—If you should still be cold, I'll bring your bed as near the fire as possible, and therefore, while you sleep, I'll keep it up.—Good night.

**VALENTINE.**

My dearest Matthew, I should weep for having us'd you ill.

**MATTHEW.**

Don't think of that, Sir, any more than I do:—Come—come—fall a sleep.—And look; by chance I've got my flagelet.—To give you pleasant dreams, I'll play a tune upon it.

(He plays a little; but the air is not concluded when a noise is heard and lights appear, but at a distance; Matthew turns about).

What noise and light is that?

*CONFOUNDED.* 155

VALENTINE (*Starting up,*)

Oh Matthew, we are ruin'd!—

Witches—

MATTHEW.

What are you afraid?—I'll go and see.

VALENTINE.

For Heaven's sake, don't leave me  
by myself!

MATTHEW.

How's this?—I see then you are  
not as brave as wife.

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*SCENE VI.*

Mrs. DAVENPORT. VALENTINE.

MATTHEW and SERVANTS (*with  
flambeaux.*)

Mrs. DAVENPORT.

No,—no.—I cannot live in this

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anxiety ; and must be out all night unless I find him.

**V**ALENTINE (*hearing his mother's voice, and running eagerly into her arms,*)

Ah Mama !

**M**rs. DAVENPORT (*embracing him,*)  
Good Heaven !—and have I found you then, my dear dear son ?

**M**ATTHEW.

Yes, Madam ; here he is ;—and I believe, a little better too, than when you lost him.

*SCENE the Last.*

Mr. and Mrs. DAVENPORT, VALENTINE, MATTHEW, and SERVANTS.

Mr. DAVENPORT, (*entering on the other side,*)

Is that true, my child ?

VALENTINE.

Yes, yes, papa ! — My pride and vanity have both been thoroughly confounded, I assure you.—What then could you give the person who has bought me better ?—

Mr. DAVENPORT.

A good recompence, and that with my heart.

**V A L E N T I N E,** (*presenting Matthew,*)

Then, here you owe it.—I too owe him my good will and friendship; and I'll show I do so, all my life.

**M R. D A V E N P O R T .**

If that be true, I'll make him every year, a little present of two guineas, Valentine, for having cur'd you of two insupportable defects.

**V A L E N T I N E .**

There Matthew.—And (*to Mr. Davenport,*) see here, the bed he made me, and the supper I have had.—Potatoes; don't you see the skins?

**M R S. D A V E N P O R T .**

Good creature! But you interrupted me; for I was going to tell Matthew, I would make him such another

yearly present of two guineas for preserving you from danger here.

**MATTHEW.**

But if you pay me, my good Master and kind mistress, for the pleasure you receive ; in that case, I must pay you also for the pleasure I enjoy myself ; and therefore as they say, Quits quit.

**MR. DAVENPORT.**

No, no, my little friend, we hardly shall do less than we have promised. But at present, let's go all to supper. Valentine will tell us his adventures in the wood.

**VALENTINE.**

Ah gladly ; and not spare myself a little of the ridicule. I merit, — I will

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blush enough at present, that I may not have to blush in future.

MR. DAVENPORT.

Oh! my child, how happy will not both your mother and myself be, when you prove your change of conduct is sincere; and show your pride and vanity, as you ingenuously yourself have called them, never will return! (*Valentine takes Matthew by the hand; and Mr. Davenport gives his to Mrs. Davenport: the servants place themselves before, in which array they take the path conducting toward their house.*)



End of Vol. VII.